

the facebook (ZOMBIE) APOCALYPSE prompt multifandom extravaganza by janie_tangerine

Category: A Song of Ice and Fire - George R. R. Martin, Captain America (Movies), Deadwood, Game of Thrones (TV), Les Misérables - All Media Types, Star Wars Episode VII: The Force Awakens (2015), Stranger Things (TV 2016), The 100 (TV), Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Alternate Universe - Zombie Apocalypse, Angst, Apocalypse, Breaking and Entering, Crack Treated Seriously, Escape, F/M, Human Experimentation, Idiots in Love, Love at First Sight, M/M, Multi, Older Man/Younger Woman, Past Abuse, Post-Captain America: Civil War (Movie), Post-Nuclear War, Rescue, Reunions, Theft, Trust Issues, Video & Computer Games, Zombie Apocalypse, Zombies

Language: English

Characters: Brienne of Tarth, Bryan (The 100), Eleven (Stranger Things), Finn, Finn (Star Wars), Jaime Lannister, James "Bucky" Barnes, Jane Cannary, Javert (Les Misérables), Jean Valjean, Joanie Stubbs, Jon Connington, Jonathan Byers, Keith (Voltron), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Nathan Miller, Poe Dameron, Robb Stark, Shiro (Voltron), Steve Harrington, Steve Rogers, Theon Greyjoy

Relationships: Bryan/Nathan Miller, Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Jaime Lannister/Brienne of Tarth, James "Bucky" Barnes/Steve Rogers, Jane Cannary/Joanie Stubbs, Javert/Jean Valjean, Jon Connington/Rhaegar Targaryen, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Keith/Shiro (Voltron), Poe Dameron/Finn, Theon Greyjoy/Robb Stark

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Summary:

(mostly) short multifandom stories all with the zombie apocalypse

theme, all fills for prompts I got on FB. Up from March 10th:

7 & 8. mcu, steve/bucky and asoiaf, jonc/rhaegar: *I found some old cassette tapes that you recorded before you were turned.*

9. stranger things, steve/nancy/jonathan: *person A and Person B are civilians caught up in the zombie apocalypse with no previous fighting experience. But what do they have? Plenty of experience with zombie video games that prove to be more helpful than most would think. (Bonus: Person C is a seasoned fighter and can't figure out who in the hell Person A and Person B are actually surviving this)*

10. stranger things, mike/eleven: *I swear I didn't know those were your supplies please believe me.*

11 & 12. deadwood, jane/joanie & star wars, poe/finn : *Person A is a sentient zombie that tries to befriend Person B, a zombie hunter/killer.*

13. asoiaf, jaime/brienne, *person A and Person B are the only ones left in the midst of a zombie apocalypse. Person A wants to kill all the zombies. Person B, however, wants to get straight to the whole 'we must repopulate the earth.'*

1. your skin and I'm alive (mcu, steve/bucky)

Author's Note:

Okay so I'm doing this fic challenge in the Italian fandom (like, it's some thirty-two people in four teams and whoever writes more stuff based on prompts given wins) and one of this week's challenges is doing twenty 300 words stories. Knowing that if I ask for prompts on tumblr I end up with novels, I asked for some on FB and since I was feeling like writing some post-apocalypse I picked a bunch of zombie apocalypse-related prompts. I'm gonna have at least twenty all at most 300 and if some really get overboard I'll still stash them here but anyway that's what this is about. ;)

... Shit I can't fucking believe I'm writing stuff 300 WORDS LONG IT FEELS SO WEIRD GUYS.

Summary for the Chapter:

Bucky wakes up from cryo in Wakanda. It doesn't go as everyone had hoped.

Notes for the Chapter:

written for a friend on FB who wanted steve/bucky + *You just woke up from a coma and now I have to explain to you that there are zombies around.* LET'S START THIS NICELY HUH. the title is from bruce springsteen and nothing else belongs to me, spoilers for the Civil War ending.

Warmth slowly crawls up along Bucky's spine.

Waking up like this is nothing like cryo was, he thinks as he blinks his eyes open and tries to feel his limbs. He sees a curtain of white, but then it recedes, and Bucky wonders, *is Steve on the other side? Did they find a way to fix me? Is this the right time around?*

Steve is on the other side.

But something's wrong. He looks... sad, maybe, and he's pale and thinner than he should be, but his smile as he sees Bucky waking up is almost blinding. Bucky waits until the pod opens before clearing his throat and asking, "What's wrong?"

Steve puts a hand on his right arm. He looks like he's been tired for *centuries*.

"Not *this*."

"Have - did you find a way to... fix me?" Bucky asks, hopeful.

"Bucky, there's no need anymore," Steve replies, and now he sounds *sad*.

"What?"

"Hydra is gone. But not because of us. This... Wakanda hasn't been touched for now, but..." He stops, and then a moment later he shakes his head, helps Bucky out of the pod and then he's holding him so tight it almost hurts, and Bucky can only use his remaining right arm to return it. He doesn't know what's wrong -

(he'll learn about the virus Hydra unleashed by mistake that about turned half of the planet into fucking zombies, that Wakanda is one of the few untouched places left, about how Steve thought that even if they can't eventually fight this he doesn't want to deprive him of whatever life is left for them, but not just now)

but he knows this still is what he vaguely remembers having dreamed of every other time he woke up from cryo.

For now, he doesn't care.

2. we all come up a little short and we go down hard (asoiaf, robb/theon)

Summary for the Chapter:

where Robb finds a stranger in his house. While there's a zombie apocalypse raging outside.

Notes for the Chapter:

this was written for tumblr user francisperfectionbonnefoy who wanted throbb + *I didn't know that this was your house please don't shoot me*. The title is still from Springsteen and I don't own anything else.

“Shit, shitshitshit, I swear to whatever you want I didn’t know this was your house! I didn’t know it was *anyone’s* house!”

At least he's not a zombie, Robb thinks. Small mercies. Still, he doesn’t lower his gun. He’s learned to never trust scavengers in the last few years.

“So you say,” Robb sighs, keeping his hand on the trigger. “You have one minute to convince me to not shoot you.”

“I – fuck’s sake, I swear I just saw the house. The lights were out, the outside looks abandoned and I, I was running and it looked empty, I wasn’t even trying to scavenge anything.”

“Come over here,” Robb says. The man *sounds* sincere, but what would he be running from? These days people stick together, not *run from each other*. The man does and... fuck it. He’s young, maybe a few years older than Robb, he has a streak of white in his hair, his left hand is missing a finger, you can see bruises under the rags he’s wearing. And he has dark eyes that don’t look like they belong on someone who’s lying.

“The hell happened to you?”

“Bad company,” the stranger sighs. “Please, I just need to stay here a day or two. Until the people I was running from stop looking for me. Please –”

“Stop,” Robb replies, taking a leap of faith he hopes he won't come to regret. “Can you use a gun?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“I might need a hand around here. You can stay a while. And if you try to fuck me, over you're dead. By the way, I'm Robb.”

“Got it,” the stranger says, his lips curling up in a tentative grin that makes Robb think, *that's quite beautiful and I haven't seen anything beautiful in years*. “I'm Theon.”

3. and the sun shone with unreal light (asoiaf, jaime/brienne)

Summary for the Chapter:

Jaime remembers the world before it was a nuclear wasteland, Brienne doesn't.

Notes for the Chapter:

written for tumblr user grumpydoctorhello who wanted jaime/brienne with *I was born after the apocalypse. Please tell me about the world before all of this*. The title is me translating [an Italian song](#) on this same topic ([translation somewhere around here if anyone wants it](#)) which also provided some a++ inspiration, nothing else belongs to me, I can't believe I'm writing 300-words stuff DID I SAY IT ALREADY?

“I know it looks like complete shit now. Once it wasn't.”

Brienne doesn't look convinced, looking at the wasteland in front of them. It used to be Lannisport. Now the only thing that hasn't changed is the sea. It looks dark grey, not the blue Jaime remembers.

(The same blue of her eyes. He doesn't tell her *that*.)

The town is empty, the once-green surroundings turned a dull brown when it's not red dust, same as the dirt under their feet. Of course, she's not convinced. Given how tall she is and what he's seen her doing since they met by chance a while ago, the both of them the only survivors of their groups, it's easy to forget she's barely eighteen. She's grown up scavenging and eating canned food. She can't know.

Jaime's thirty-two. He remembers fourteen good years of how the world used to be *before*.

Maybe he envies her a bit. Maybe it'd be better to not remember.

He feels her fingers tentatively touching his left, whole wrist.

“Tell me about it?” She asks, sounding hopeful, and maybe – maybe *she* envies him because he remembers a time when everything wasn’t red dust and radioactive rain.

“The sea was blue, not grey. That whole city was thriving, people coming in and out at all times. This hill, it had flowers. Blue flowers all over it. And trees. You could pick ripe fruit and eat it on the spot in summer. Right, *seasons* existed. You’d stay outside when it rained. I’m sorry it’s gone.”

Brienne looks down at the ground and then forward, her eyes maybe looking at things she’s never seen. Her fingers squeeze his own.

“Sounds like what one hears in songs. Tell me more?”

Jaime breathes in what he knows is poisoned air, and does.

4. tell me baby, who do you trust? (the 100, bryan/miller)

Summary for the Chapter:

Bryan finds someone trying to steal his supplies.
Maybe it's his lucky day.

Notes for the Chapter:

for a friend on fb who wanted briller + *you just tried to steal my supplies, and now I have to decide what I'm going to do with you.* The title is from Bruce Springsteen and nothing else belongs to me really. (Also haha this is like the first thing I write for this fandom I wasn't planning on losing my the 100 v-card with them but I'm REALLY FINE WITH IT. <3)

One day, the universe will give Bryan the good karma it has withheld from him.

"Keep your hands up and *step away from my stuff*," he says. He's *this* close to shooting the bastard who was trying to steal his supplies on sight, but he likes to think he's not that kind of person yet.

(There's a reason why he left Pyke's group. Patience if being alone isn't a smart choice.)

He's still also the kind of person who can't shoot at someone's back. Anyway, the guy doesn't try to do anything and follows the orders.

"Good. Now turn and let's see what the hell I should do with you." The guy turns, slowly.

That's when Bryan curses the universe, because not only his thief is pretty much his age and has a certain guilty look on his face suggesting that he knows he was doing something fairly fucking shitty, he's also *hot*. Tall, dark skin and eyes, short beard, large shoulders, exactly the kind of guy Bryan would have hit on without blinking twice before the damned zombie apocalypse.

Ah, he was trying to steal his supplies. Shit.

“What if I say I’m sorry?” The guy asks. He even sounds fairly contrite. “I was out scavenging, I’m with a few other people, and the shack looked abandoned. Shitty excuse, huh?”

“Other people, you said?” Bryan hasn’t seen *other people* in a while. He also doesn’t want to kill anyone. Zombies are enough.

“We can always use someone else. Other than supplies.”

“Are you asking me to *come with you*?”

“Being alone is no good idea these days. And a cute guy like you shouldn’t take such risks.”

The guy *winks*. “By the way, name’s Miller.”

“Bryan,” he replies, lowering the gun.

Maybe the universe doesn’t hate him *that* much.

5. tires on the highway hissing that something's coming (voltron, keith/shiro)

Summary for the Chapter:

Shiro doesn't know if finding your best friend's bike in the middle of an abandoned road after having just escaped a research facility you've been kept in for the aforementioned year (because you're immune to whatever it is that turns people into zombies) is good news or not.

Notes for the Chapter:

written for tumblr user francisperfectionbonnefoy who wanted sheith + *I just found your car on the side of the road after you were hit by zombies*. Nothing belongs to me, the title is still from Bruce Springsteen.

Could it be?

The bike's definitely Keith's. Shiro wishes it wasn't, but the plates are the same and the black paint is chipped in all the right places. Except that Keith would have *never* left it thrown over the side of the road and Shiro's sure of that, zombie apocalypse or not, full year spent apart or not.

Shiro doesn't know if finding your best friend's bike in the middle of an abandoned road after having just escaped a research facility you've been kept in for the aforementioned year (because you're immune to whatever it is that turns people into zombies) is good news or not. What if he's *dead* or worse, what if the zombies got him?

Shiro lifts it up. The keys are in the ignition. He tries to start the bike. It works.

This is bad. If it wasn't working...

Then he hears a gunshot, and *another*, and then –

“Where is he?”

Keith? Shiro starts the bike and drives towards the voices' sound.

“He escaped, I already told -”

“Keith?” Shiro shouts. Keith is indeed standing there, holding one of the lab scientists in a tight grip, surrounded by some four or five dead headless zombies. One moment he's staring at the scientist with cold, determined eyes, but then he quickly knocks the man out and his eyes turn a warm shade of violent as he runs towards Shiro.

“I was looking for you,” he says. *“They said you ran and... Takashi, what happened to your arm?”*

Shiro stares at his prosthetic.

(They amputated it after letting one zombie bite me. You don't want to know.)

“Later,” he replies. *“Can I drive?”*

“You? Always,” Keith replies, mounting behind him.

Shiro turns the key into the ignition as he smiles for the first time in a year.

6. the dead can't die (I've got one walking by my side) [les mis, javert/jean valjean]

Summary for the Chapter:

Javert thinks something's wrong with the new survivor's camp leader. But a zombie wouldn't have any reason to help out the living, would he?

Notes for the Chapter:

written for tumblr user grumpydoctorhello who wanted jean valjean/javert + *Person A is secretly a zombie, but passes for a normal human with a decent spray tan. Person B suspects Person A of being a zombie and goes of their way to try to prove it only for it to fail.* I HAVE NEVER EVER WRITTEN FOR THIS FANDOM AND IDEK WHAT I WAS DOING BUT... I HAD FUN? I GUESS? anyway they kinda fit the prompt a lot so. XDDD the title is from a song from Wednesday 13, a group I had no idea even existed until today when I looked for SONGS ABOUT ZOMBIES because I couldn't find a title for this, but hey it had cool lyrics. xD

There's *something* about Madeleine that doesn't add up, Javert thinks, but he can't quite pinpoint *what*.

Better: Javert thinks that Madeleine might not be all that he seems, but it's hard to prove it when the man has arrived into their admittedly very bad-off camp (at that point in time) and pretty much turned things around. He's taciturn, but speaks only to say important things. His suggestions have improved their defenses and as head of the security, Javert can testify the truthfulness of that claim. He's kind, and fair; with his suggestions, they even managed to improve their food supplies.

But... he never eats in public. He's *strong*, much more than human average in these times. He never lets anyone come into his barrack after he goes to bed. Sometimes, Javert wonders, *could he be some*

rogue mort-vivant, because he knows some of them are sentient and some of them don't kill and some of them aren't brainless monsters. Still, it would require a lot of effort and smarts to fake it.

And on top of that, Madeleine's skin is a lovely, golden tan.

In spite of the sun having not showed up very often, especially in these last times. Since the nuclear incident that created the *morts-vivants*, it's been more cloudy than else.

There's nothing Javert can do to find out short of undressing the man, which he's not going to risk, ever, especially in the case he's wrong.

Still, he looks at Madeleine smiling at the camp's children as he hands them rationed chocolate.

He thinks he looks a bit like that inmate in Digne's prison, where Javert served before the *mort-vivants* made prisons unnecessary. The one who *died* while on forced labor to avoid another one from getting crushed.

24601.

But it can be now.

Can it?

7. come close my pretty darling and let me feel your disease (mcu, steve/bucky)

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve's sure that the serum prevents them from getting sick and Bucky's not working properly just because it was a knock-off, but Bucky would rather not risk anything.

Notes for the Chapter:

written for a friend who asked for steve/bucky + I found some old cassette tapes that you recorded before you were turned. this is like VERY FREE INTERPRETATION but shh. also sorry bucky I couldn't give you a better birthday fic but I tried to save myself at the last minute. the title is from Bruce Springsteen and nothing else is mine as usual.

“Hey.”

“Steve, learn some self-preservation.”

Steve shrugs and goes towards the glass dividing him from Bucky. SHIELD assured them that it's unbreakable. Bucky insists on not leaving even if he's been bitten *weeks* ago. You can see the effects on his body, but whatever virus it is that's turning people into fucking *zombies* hasn't affected his mind. Steve's sure that the serum prevents them from getting sick and Bucky's not working properly just because it was a knock-off, but Bucky would rather not risk anything.

“What about being too self-sacrificing?”

“Says the one who'd have let me kill him.”

Bucky's pale fingers touch the glass. Steve's hand touches it in the same place as he opens the small drawer that's the only contact in between the two sides of the room.

He puts the tape he had in his pocket inside it.

“Natasha said you made this a while ago. And you were going to give it to me.” Makes sense. In the few months Bucky managed to stay out of any cryo and live with them, he had put a lot of effort into finding out what he liked in a way Steve never really did. He didn’t need to cross items out of a list. “I liked it.” He doesn’t tell Bucky that he still hates any kind of country music. “But maybe you’d rather have it here.”

Bucky takes the tape. He smiles, a bit, his lips looking stark red against his pale skin.

“You could’ve kept it,” Bucky whispers.

“Well, happy birthday. It was the only thing I had I knew you’d like.” Steve knows he’s crying, and Bucky *can’t*, but he sees in his eyes he *would*, if he could.

Bucky puts his other hand on the glass. Steve places his own against it, too.

8. (what else should I be) all apologies (asoiaf, jonc/r)

Summary for the Chapter:

Jon shudders. He remembers pulling the trigger. His fingers shake wildly when he even thinks about it.

Notes for the Chapter:

written for a friend who wanted jonc/rhaegar + I found some old cassette tapes that you recorded before you were turned. Sorry for the angst guys. Title from Nirvana because grunge-fan!R is forever my headcanon, nothing else belongs to me.

The box falls on the ground and Jon almost leaves it be. He came back to try and get some more clothes and some more canned food before leaving for good, he can't lose time with amenities.

Then he notices *what* was inside the damned box.

The tapes.

He kneels down on the ground, grabbing one.

The fucking tapes Rhaegar lent him before shit hit the fan.

He turns the tape over. It was a copy of *Nevermind*, the tracklist written in Rhaegar's neat cursive. *You'll love this one*, Rhaegar had assured him. Jon had liked it fine, but he never had the chance to tell Rhaegar, not when most of the population in King's Landing had started dying and *coming back to life* in the span of three weeks and they had much worse things to worry about.

Not when...

(Please, Rhaegar had told him, I don't want to live like that. Do it. I want you to. And look after the children, if you will.)

Jon shudders. He remembers pulling the trigger. His fingers shake wildly when he even thinks about it.

He thinks about the two kids waiting for him outside

(kids will never know their father the way Jon did)

and he looks at his one year-old namesake, watching him from the bed. Jon thinks about how long it'll take them to get to Winterfell. (Bless Ned Stark for agreeing to house all of them and not just his nephew.)

He stuffs the box in his backpack and heads towards the bed.

“Maybe you’ll have something of him left.” He knows the poor kid doesn’t understand him. It’s not the matter.

He heads out to meet Aegon and Rhaenys.

They have to drive to Winterfell. Maybe he’ll play one of those tapes on the way.

9. zombies, run! (stranger things, nancy/steve/jonathan)

Summary for the Chapter:

in which Steve and Jonathan are surprisingly proficient at shooting down zombies. Nancy appreciates.

Notes for the Chapter:

written for a friend who wanted steve/nancy/jonathan + *person A and Person B are civilians caught up in the zombie apocalypse with no previous fighting experience. But what do they have? Plenty of experience with zombie video games that prove to be more helpful than most would think. (Bonus: Person C is a seasoned fighter and can't figure out who in the hell Person A and Person B are actually surviving this)* I TRIED GUYS. the title is from that jogging app that works based on the concept that zombies are following you while you train and nothing else belongs to me. also all hail videogames for commodore 64.

“Aim at the head!”

“I’m *doing* it!”

“Wow, fuck, that was a good shot. *On your right*, Jonathan!”

“On that!”

“Yes, just go –”

“Steve, *the elevator!*”

Nancy *can't believe her own damned eyes.*

She's had rifle ready to shoot since they ran into the mall to scavenge some supplies and she hasn't fired once.

To think that back at the base people said giving Steve and Jonathan guns would have been a waste because they had no fighting experience, if you don't count that time they fought another kind of otherworldly monsters in Jonathan's living room. Since then, she took care to actually learn how to use a gun, but she had no idea those two *even had a clue* –

“Last one behind you!”

“I'm ducking, go!”

Jonathan leans down just after, Steve aims his rifle at the last zombie coming out of the elevator and then they're surrounded by zombies with their heads blown off.

Nancy's sure they haven't even wasted all the rounds.

“Wow,” Steve says, “we did it...?”

“I just... I think I need to lie down after we're done.” Jonathan sounds like he can't fucking believe it, either.

“Guys,” Nancy said, looking at her two *boyfriends* who never saw fit to tell her about any of this even if they've been dating for two years, “*when* did you learn to shoot?”

“Er, never,” Steve replies. “But, when he came at mine's to hang out we played the *Zombi* videogame a lot of the time? And it was even set in a mall. Nice, right?”

For a moment Nancy wants to yell, *seriously?*

Then she remembers of how many... *videogames* Mike and his friends used to play.

Maybe it's high time they listen to the kids when they say *they're old enough to help out*.

10. something in the night (stranger things, mike/eleven)

Summary for the Chapter:

"Please," the girl says, "I didn't know it was yours."

Notes for the Chapter:

written for tumblr user electricalice who wanted mike/eleven + *I swear I didn't know those were your supplies please believe me.* idek what I'm doing there and tbh in my head they were a bit older than canon but shhh. title from Bruce Springsteen, nothing else is mine.

"Please," the girl says, "I didn't know it was yours."

Not that it matters now, Mike doesn't say as he looks at what used to be a box of his waffles that was supposed to last for a whole week, and was instead eaten whole by the girl currently sort of crouching in front of him.

He should go to Hopper and report her, since she's not even in their group. In fact, he's never seen her before. On the other side, she's underfed, he doubts she shaved her entire head off because zombies tend to grab at your hair if it's long, she's dressed in rags that once were *hospital scrubs* and she looks so pitiful he can't even bring himself to be angry.

Also, it was *his* waffles, not *everyone's* waffles. He figures no one will notice if they're gone.

What he's worried about is *how she snuck into the perimeter and into the basement* without anyone noticing.

"It's fine," he says, dropping into a crouch. He doesn't want to make this worse. "I'll live. And where do you even come from?"

"Hawkins," she says, then... "The labs."

What? Everyone has left Hawkins since the plague, they're in Fort Wayne now (a smaller city than it used to be), and the only labs could be... wait... *in the military base?*

Mike takes a better look at her. There's an *11* tattooed on her forearm.

"What's your name?" He asks, dread creeping up his spine. She stares at him as if she doesn't get the question.

"I'm Mike," he tries. "How do other people call you?"

"Eleven," she replies then, in that same tiny voice.

Fuck.

Whatever it is that she's running from, he's so *not* letting her go back.

Better think of some explanation for the others, then.

11. hello, I love you, won't you tell me your name? (deadwood, jane/joanie)

Summary for the Chapter:

*"Maybe some of you cocksuckers can be all right then.
Guess you don't want a drink?"*

Notes for the Chapter:

written for tumblr user electricalice who wanted deadwood's jane & joanie + *Person A is a sentient zombie that tries to befriend Person B, a zombie hunter/killer.* I LOVE EVERYTHING MARTINA'S PROMPTS CHOOSE TO BE. anyway I tried. title from the doors, this is REALLY FUCKING CRACKY OKAY.

"Don't you *motherfucking* move!"

Joanie stops at once and stays perfectly still, cursing her misfortune all over again. It's hard enough being a *sentient* living dead who loathes the idea of hurting other humans and harder still when you're a minority out of all the living dead roaming the Earth. She doesn't need to piss off living and breathing humans. She'd like to keep her head in one piece.

"All right," Joanie says, attempting to keep her tone calm. "I swear, I'm not like the others. I don't... kill people."

"Yeah, now that'd be... wait, you can *fucking* talk?"

The woman steps right into Joanie's full view.

Oh. She's as tall as Joanie, wearing male garb, holding a gun in between slightly shaking fingers, and it's obvious she hasn't had a bath in a while (Joanie *has*, thank you very much), and her fiery eyes are *the most beautiful eyes Joanie's ever seen*. Her friends used to joke about Joanie's *appalling* tastes, once.

She can't care less.

“Yes,” she replies. “And I’ve never killed anybody since I became like this. Please.”

“Fuck. You don’t even look like those dead cocksuckers.”

“I don’t *want* to,” Joanie says, feeling pleased that the woman noticed she puts on make-up to look more human.

“You got a name?”

“Joanie Stubbs. What about you?”

The other woman puts the gun away. “Jane,” she replies. “Maybe *some* of you cocksuckers can be all right then. Guess you don’t want a drink?” She takes a small flask from her coat’s pocket.

“I... can’t taste that anymore.”

“Fuckin’ pity. Well, here’s to smart undead cocksuckers,” Jane says, and takes a drink.

Joanie doesn’t know if love at first sight is a thing, as far as *living dead* are concerned.

She decides she wants very much to find out.

12. let me be your soul driver (star wars, finn/poe)

Summary for the Chapter:

"Shit, I'm going to die, am I?" The man asks, and – F218 likes his voice, all right? He has a nice voice. Not shrill, not loud, pleasant to the ear.

"No," he rasps. He hasn't spoken since – since a long time, but he still can. "You do exactly as I say, I can get you out of here."

Notes for the Chapter:

written for a friend who wanted stormpilot + *person A is a sentient zombie that tries to befriend Person B, a zombie hunter/killer.* this is basically the same as canon just... with.... more zombies. XDD the title is from bruce springsteen and nothing is mine and also I COULDN'T FUCKING KEEP THIS SHORT so it's 1k idek guys. /o\

There's not many things F218 is sure of these days. He knows he had a *life* once, but since he opened his eyes to find himself in the midst of other *undead* people with fairly clear-cut plans consisting in *taking over the world from the living* he hasn't remembered one thing about it. He knows he must have died young; he's seen his reflection sometimes.

He knows someone shot him in the back. That's about it.

He doesn't even know his name, the others call him like that because everyone in their group is named with a random alphabet letter and then... well, he was apparently the 218th person to join, just one in a *myriad* of undead, and so that was it until this very moment.

He's also sure that he doesn't like killing other people, he certainly doesn't enjoy it (he only feeds from corpses which were long dead

already, and patience if he gets weird stares from the other undead for it), and he's also sure that he doesn't want the man they've just caught to die.

He doesn't know why he hasn't been killed on sight as happens with the usual living. He's gathered that he's part of a group who tries to fight undead like them, but given that they usually eat other people, F218 can see the problem. So they want to make an example. The man is different from them though. His skin is tan and not ashen (F218's is a darker color but unhealthily so, he can see it), he wears clothes that aren't completely ruined, there's something F218 likes about his dark, *living* eyes and – F218 doesn't know many things, but he knows *not living* sucks and that he doesn't want that man to turn out just like the rest of them or to die in even worse ways he might not come back from.

Hell, he didn't even join his group because he wanted to, they basically fucking forced him.

So that's why he tries to understand *when* they scheduled for the man to die (tomorrow morning it seems) and decides to take action.

He heads for the cave where he's being held and disarms the two other undead guarding the outside entrance – thankfully no one even imagines that any of *them* might disagree with this killing-people-left-and-right policy they have going on.

When he walks inside and takes off the hood covering the man's head and meets his eyes again, and of course he looks scared.

"Shit, I'm going to die, am I?" The man asks, and – F218 likes his voice, all right? He has a nice voice. Not shrill, not loud, pleasant to the ear.

"No," he rasps. He hasn't spoken since – since a long time, but he still can. "You do exactly as I say, I can get you out of here."

"If – what?"

F218 can understand the sudden panic, but *they have no time for this.*"

"This is a... a rescue, all right? I'm helping you. Did your car break

down when the others caught you?”

“Aren’t you – I mean, shouldn’t you want to kill me? Or are you with the others –”

“I’m not *with* anyone, I’m breaking you out!” Damn, they don’t have time to lose. “Is that car working, or can you drive another if it is?”

For a moment, the guy seems stunned, but then he smiles a tiny bit at F218 and if F218 thought he had nice eyes, then he hadn’t seen his smile.

“I can drive anything, but why are you helping me?”

“Because – because, it’s the right thing to do and I still know what the right thing is, I think,” F218 replies, truthfully enough. But the other man is definitely perceptive, because then he grins again, and –

“Yeah, and you need a driver to get the fuck out of here before they understand you’re the only zombie with morals in the entire universe?”

“I need a driver,” he admits, because it’s true that he doesn’t want to be here and he doesn’t want to be *dead* –

And then the man *grins* openly and F218’s heartbeat would have sped up quite a lot, had he been alive in that very moment.

--

“Shit,” the man says not long later as he speeds up along the deserted highway, “that was close. Hey, thanks – I don’t even know, do you have a name I can call you?”

F218 shrugs and stares out of the window. He doesn’t feel any hunger yet. Good.

“I – no. I don’t remember anything before – before I died. Sorry. In – well, we had names. Sort of. They called me F218.”

“They called you *what*?”

“Random alphabet letter, then – it was the order we joined the group.”

“Fuck’s sake, you save my life, you obviously look like you want to found Zombies Anonymous which is admittedly a very honorable life target, and I should call you like that? No way. Don’t you have anything you’d like better?”

F218 shrugs, even if his cold limbs are maybe warming up a bit at the man’s obvious interest in his plight. “I – I wouldn’t know? I never even considered it.”

“Well, F218 – F, hey, why not Finn? Sounds close enough. But it’s a *name*, damn it.”

F218 considers it and – it’s nice. It has a good ring to it. And it doesn’t have damned *numbers* in it. It’s a – a real name. “Finn? Yeah, I – I like it.”

“Great. I’m Poe, by the way. Poe Dameron, nice to meet you.”

“Nice – nice to meet you, too. And – are you sure your friends won’t want to kill me on sight?”

“Nah, don’t you worry,” Poe says. “We have a few others like you in our midst. You all can knock yourself out with Zombie Anonymous. And even if they had, you still saved my ass, they’d hear me out.”

He’s smiling openly as he says it and as he drives the car like he owns the road and Finn – yes, he likes the name – decides that, for being the first decision he ever took since he woke up *dead*, getting Poe out might have been a really great start.

13. the lady doth protest too much (asoiaf, jaime/brienne)

Summary for the Chapter:

“No one needs children right now! Least of all us, gods be good.” Children. What is even going through his head?

Jaime smirks in a way that makes Brienne want to punch him in the face, not that it's anything new, but then he moves closer, his left hand going on her hip and – is he straddling her or what? “Most of Westeros is dead. Hopefully the rest won't follow, but you can never know. It's winter and it's harsh normally, this one is just going to be even worse. And I think any knight with a lick of sense should have the sense of duty to do what's best for his homeland. Or her best.”

Notes for the Chapter:

written for tumblr user electricalice who wanted jaime/brienne + *Person A and Person B are the only ones left in the midst of a zombie apocalypse. Person A wants to kill all the zombies. Person B, however, wants to get straight to the whole ‘we must repopulate the earth.’ Or: PERFECT PROMPT WAS PERFECT, I TRIED. <3 the title is from hamlet (IT WORKED OKAY) and nothing belongs to me (sadly).*

“What have you just said?”

She can't have heard him right. She can't. He was joking, most probably. He must have. He *must*.

“I'm merely talking sense!”

All right. No. He wasn't joking then. Seven hells, *really*?

“Sense? You’re talking nonsense, Jaime! Whatever - whatever happened beyond the Wall, it didn’t kill all the White Walkers, or have you forgotten the five we had to kill two hours ago?” Brienne sure as the seven hells has *not*.

“I didn’t, but the White Walkers will have to go, eventually. Us, though... wench, I’m making fairly valid points here. We aren’t going anywhere.” How can he sound so *smug* about it, Brienne has no bloody idea. Good gods. He must have gone insane. There's no other explanation.

“No one needs children right now! Least of all *us*, gods be good.” *Children*. What is even going through his head?

Jaime smirks in a way that makes Brienne want to punch him in the face, not that it’s anything new, but then he moves closer, his left hand going on her hip and – is he straddling her or what? “Most of Westeros is dead. Hopefully the rest won’t follow, but you can never know. It’s winter and it’s harsh *normally*, this one is just going to be even worse. And I think any knight with a lick of sense should have the sense of duty to do what’s best for his homeland. Or *her* best.”

“Which – according to you – is *putting children into the world* when the world is full of monsters that could kill them and when *I* am one of the few people with a sword that can kill them in one blow? Never mind that you just said it, this winter will be worse. It’d be a waste of damned resources and you know it.”

“That is true, but it’s also true that we’re in a huge castle right now, that we’re fairly well-defended and our precious *mythical hero reborn* agreed on just taking it easy until spring comes, since no one can travel yet. And probably no one will travel for a long time. And it

means means it's exactly the right time to put those children into the world. No sooner and no later."

Thing is – Brienne's fairly good at reading Jaime these days, but right now he's being... she doesn't know how to put it. She can't understand if he's being serious or not. If they had *never* shared a bed... no, he's not the kind of man who'd resort to tell *her* this for the sake of a fuck. And for that matter, they do that plenty already and regularly, it just makes no sense. Which would mean he's serious, but

–

She looks up at him. He's not smirking anymore. Oh. *Oh*.

Gods, he's...

"You *mean* it."

Jaime shrugs. "Wench, I never had much of a chance with the three I already had. Fine, Westeros needs people when spring comes, but maybe I *mean* it for other reasons."

He's still straddling her. He's still looking at her like he *means* it and like he really thinks having children in a world full of monsters is worth it if he has them with *her*, which is a notion that makes her head spin in more than one way. But then again she remembers how pained he looked when he received news of the deaths of the son and daughter he had left, about how his eyes had clouded, about how he muttered that after all a wasted chance was a wasted chance. The way he's looking at her now, there's no way he's faking it.

Good gods. He actually *wants* children. For real, most probably, and not children he's not even allowed to be friendly with, never mind children he's not allowed to parent.

Brienne thinks of all the times her septa told her any man who'd have her would probably look the other way and hope to put a child in her so that he could avoid doing it ever again. Jaime is not looking at her like that.

He's looking at her like he wants her to be the mother of his children or like he wants to father hers, not like he just wants a heir. Never mind that he's never *not* looked at her when they shared a bed. Never mind that she'd never even dared imagine an outcome where she actually got to have any with someone she didn't hate or at least merely tolerated.

She moves her hands on his hips as she smiles, unable to keep it in. "Then we can discuss that. For real," she says, slowly. It still looks like a fucking horrible idea if she thinks about it rationally, but some part of her is saying *maybe he's right*. Maybe she's never not wanted to. Maybe regardless of everything, she does want children with him. Maybe they'd have her eyes and his hair. She hopes they would – she wouldn't want to saddle anyone with her face. They'd be tall. They'd grow up learning to use a sword, but they'd learn to use it honorably. Maybe Jaime is right indeed, and... "Not just *now*, though."

"I can wait," he replies, but he's smiling for real, his teeth showing in between his kiss-swollen lips as he leans down and he kisses her, and again, his hand moving down towards the inside of her thigh, and... all right. She *will* consider it.

She will.

And she knows that considering how much she's usually able to resist his proposals, terrible or not as they are, it won't be long before she caves in and stops taking her moon tea. Never mind that those supplies are also winding down and she can't use too much of that.

But then again, now that she thinks about it for real, she knows she

won't be too heartbroken about it when her own share is over.

Maybe –

Maybe *then* she's going to stop considering for real.